THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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Chriſtmas and New Year's Cuſtoms Abroad.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

EVERY where in the Chriſtian world, the feſtivity, in honour of the birth of our Saviour, brings with it mirth as well as conſolation. The faithful acknowledge, with gratitude, the immeaſurable goodneſs of a divine providence; the philoſopher admires its utility, its neceſſity, was it even a human inſtitution; the deiſt cannot but envy the conſolatory belief of the Chriſtian; and atheiſts muſt tremble for a futurity in which ſo many wiſe men have confided, and which ſo many good men expect with certainty. It carries with it numerous pleaſing remembrances for virtuous old age; it holds forth happineſs to man; it gives pleaſure to youth, and hope to all ages; to the cradle as to the death-bed. It encourages the young to ſtruggle with conſtancy againſt the temptations of vice, and torments of misfortunes; and rewards labour and victory on the borders of the grave with the pleaſing proſpect of a bleſſed eternity.

In the ſouth and in the north of Europe, among the roman catholics, as well as among the lutherans and the proteſtants, Chriſtmas is kept holy, more than Eaſter or Whitſunday. Children then receive preſents from their parents; ſervants from their maſters; friends compliment friends; and lovers are permitted to explain, in verſe or proſe, the cauſe of their ſighs. Families and friends then meet together; the rich in ſumptuous repaſts, in brilliant balls, in ſplendidly ornamented halls; whilſt the poverty of garrets ſhares its ſcanty meals with the wretchedneſs of cellars. They all alike repeat the ſacred and reſpectable hoſpitality and cuſtom of eighteen centuries; and, from the more or leſs ſimplicity of ſome of the uſages, it may be con-

cluded, that they originate, with little change, from the times of the apoſtles, when all Chriſtians were regarded as brothers, and all ſhared the ſame tables as well as the ſame dangers.

More corrupted and richer than the north, in the ſouth of the European continent, every thing is profuſion and pageantry. A Chriſtian of the firſt century would, at a midnight maſs on Chriſtmas eve, at Rome, or Madrid, at Naples, or Vienna, believe himſelf in the temple of heathen divinities, crowded with the pompous ſhews of vows, from trembling ſuperſtition, or repenting crime. A Chriſt in a cradle of gold or ſilver, ſet round with diamonds, and a Virgin Mary dreſſed in lace and embroidery, and decorated with jewels, are exhibited to adoration in the churches of the roman catholics, all richly and artfully illuminated with chryſtal lamps and luſtres, and numerous large tapers; communion bread is devoutly offered and handed about; and, whilſt a perfume of the firſt odours pleaſes or ſtrikes the ſenſes with admiration, muſic, vocal and inſtrumental, and a concert of the firſt muſicians, finiſhed by a chorus of hundreds of the firſt ſingers, penetrate into the heart, command melancholy, or inſpire recollection. All convents, epiſcopal hotels, and the houſes of the inferior clergy, are ornamented with woven or embroidered tapeſtries, repreſenting the hiſtory of the birth of our Saviour; and, until the twelfth night, alms in proviſions or money are diſtributed to all the poor who preſent themſelves, and collections are made at the churches, or in private houſes, for thoſe who, from ſickneſs, infirmity, or modeſty, are prevented from appearing in public. During theſe twelve days, private balls are very frequent, accompanied by entertainments and preſents, and continue until the public balls and maſquerades of the carnival reſtore a community of pleaſure between the inhabitants and viſitors, between the people of the country and ſtrangers, between all who can afford to pay, who have curioſity to ſee others, or vanity to exhibit themſelves.

Even in proteſtant Germany, the Chriſtmas cuſtoms are moſtly the ſame with thoſe of the roman catholics, except in Hanover, in the lutheran part of Pruſſia, and in Holſtein, where the ſame uſages are obſerved by all claſſes of the inhabitants, as only among the lower claſſes in England; but in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, in differing little from each other, they are totally different from all other nations of Europe. In Sweden and Norway, where the winter often ſets in with October, the people count every day, nay, almoſt every hour, that approaches to Chriſtmas, and they enjoy for months the feaſting of ſome days. The peaſants of thoſe countries ſeldom taſte a morſel of bread unmixed with ground bones or bark of trees, and wheaten bread never but at Chriſtmas; dried fiſh, and particularly pickled herrings, are their common nouriſhment inſtead of meat,

except

except at Chriſtmas, Eaſter, and Whitſunday, when ſalted or ſmoaked meat oftener than fiſh is enjoyed.

In October, every year, beer is brewed all over the country; and choſen pieces of meat, from oxen, rein deers, or bears, are ſmoaked to be preſerved until Chriſtmas eve. The dinner hour that day is eleven, and the dinner is rather a lunch. At ſix, the ſo much deſired ſupper is upon the table, and conſiſts of a diſh of ſtock-fiſh dreſſed in milk, a piece of ſmoaked beef, or, for the poor, ſmoaked mutton; a large rice pudding, which is eaten with cream, and with wine by the very rich; a kind of white partridge roaſted (bought for a penny) is ſerved to each perſon, and the ſupper ends with ſome dried fruits and ſmall nuts. The drink is corn brandy intermixed with water, and the Chriſtmas beer a ſort of brown ale, pleaſing to the palate, but heady. At this repaſt, all perſons are dreſſed in their holiday clothes, and try to have ſomething new to be congratulated upon for their good choice, and to obtain wiſhes to wear it with health and proſperity. In the middle of ſupper, the door is ſuddenly opened by a man, who has his head covered ſo as to be unknown, and carries a baſket containing the Chriſtmas boxes, conſiſting, indeed, of trifles, but giving more real and innocent pleaſure, than preſents of value, which the dependent or needy receive oftener from pride and oſtentation, than from humanity or generoſity. A prayer-book, worth one ſhilling and ſixpence, is one of the moſt valuable gifts, even where the firſt people in the place, the collector and the fiſcal with their wives, are preſent. What is intended for the ſervants, is diſtributed to them by their maſters and miſtreſſes, and they appear in an inſtant in the room to ſhew it, and to make a courteſy. During the ſupper, ſome children of the village ſing ſeveral hymns in praiſe of the Virgin and her Son. After ſupper, they viſit the children's chamber, illuminated with coloured candles upon a large table, containing round cakes, ginger-bread, and other cakes, heaped up one upon another in a pyramidical form, one for each child, more or leſs high, as the conduct of the child has been during the year. Thoſe cakes are to remain untouched until Chriſtmas is over. Nearly the ſame uſage prevails in Spain, Italy, and Germany, with this difference, that between thoſe pillars of cakes is an artificial tree, containing wax figures of the Virgin, of Chriſt, of Joſeph, &c. among the leaves. Before nine o'clock, ſtrangers retire, and every body goes to bed. No ſooner is midnight over, than a chorus of the children and ſervants comes to your chamber-door, and wiſhes you a good Chriſtmas. At one o'clock in the morning you are called up to breakfaſt, and the firſt ſervice begins at two.

In entering the wooden church, all painted, or rather daubed over, you ſee every perſon with one or two candles, before him or her, painted in different colours and manners; all perſons carrying with them their own candles and candleſticks, of the

ſize they can afford, and the colour they like. No ſilver candleſticks were ſeen, few of other metals, but moſt of them of carved or gilt wood.

The ſervice, ſays our correſpondent, began with a ſhort pſalm, and then the curate's ſon, a young ſchool-boy, after many bows to the congregation, placed himſelf before the altar, and ſung, in a kind of ſolo, ſome paragraphs from a chapter in the Bible, about the birth of Chriſt. That done, the curate aſcended the pulpit, and preached extempore for near an hour, and a pſalm again finiſhed the ſervice. At four, another, and at ſix the laſt ſervice began, both nearly reſembling the firſt, and all three were over before eight o'clock in the morning. In anſwer to my queſtion, why the ſervice commenced ſo early, the curate told me that the extent of the pariſhes, in ſome parts of his country, goes to thirty and forty miles, and the pariſhioners would not be home in time to enjoy Chriſtmas day, the only happy day for moſt of them in the year, was he to detain them later. He added, this is the only holiday I am obliged to preach three extempore ſermons. This cuſtom is, however, more probably, a remnant of the roman catholics' midnight maſs.

At our return from church, a warm beer ſoup, ſweetened with molaſſes, and the beef from the ſupper, were offered as refreſhments. At twelve o'clock we all dined with the collector, nearly in the manner we had ſupped, with the addition of a roaſted wild fowl of the ſize of a turkey, called in their language, kaeder, of an agreeable flavour, and a pot of artificial coffee from burned oak, dried ſorrel, &c. After dinner, the collector made a ſmall bowl of punch from arrack, containing juſt a wine glaſs of liquor for each of us. At five o'clock, the ſupper was upon the table, and plenty of beer drank, with wiſhes that they might all meet again happy at another Chriſtmas.

During the whole day, and all the following days of my ſtay, the children of the village were ſinging hymns before the houſes of the curate, of the collector, and of the fiſcal; and theſe three perſons continued each in turn to treat the two others and their families, nearly in the ſame manner as on Chriſtmas day, only with the difference, that except new year's day, every evening was finiſhed by a dance for an hour, of their children, at the ſinging of their mothers, no muſician being in the pariſh.

At midnight on new year's eve, I was again diſturbed by the chorus of the children and ſervants, to wiſh me a good new year, and called to attend divine ſervice, which began an hour later, and was over an hour earlier than Chriſtmas morning, and conſiſted only of two ſermons. All the pariſhioners now followed their paſtor to his houſe, where they brought him preſents of butter, cheeſe, eggs, dried or pickled rein deer, or bear's-fleſh, &c. and in return received each a glaſs of brandy.

All

All of them kiſſed the hands of the curate's wife, and ſome of them even thoſe of the curate. During that day, all perſons who met ſhook hands, or embraced each other, in wiſhing a good new year. The curate told me that, in the towns and cities, all claſſes of people viſit or leave their cards on new year's day; and that a neglect of it is always regarded as an affront. Superiors diſtribute preſents to their inferiors, who do the ſame among themſelves; and maſters reward the zeal or fidelity of their ſervants, as on the Chriſtmas eve. In all coffee-houſes and taverns, a pewter plate is placed upon the bar, where the cuſtomers put ſome money for the waiters; who, during the year, never demand or expect any thing from regular cuſtomers. This laſt uſage is followed and improved upon in France, Italy, and Germany, where the waiters, in ſerving, offer each cuſtomer a cornet of paper, containing ſome ſweetmeats or confectionary dainties, and expect in return a preſent in money.

It was the conſtant cuſtom of this good curate, not to ſuffer any body in his houſe to remain in bed after ſix o'clock in the morning, or to begin any work before morning-prayers; the family, ſervants, and viſitors, were all collected in the ſame room, and remained upon their knees until prayers were over. After ſupper every night, the ſame ceremony took place with the evening prayers; and though this edifying devotion continued nearly half an hour each time, I never obſerved any thing but attention even in the children. Prayers of a quarter of an hour were regularly ſaid before and after each repaſt, and the curate often interrupted the innocent dance of the children, by aſking them to pray and ſing hymns, to which they ſubmitted with a cheerfulneſs, which proved they had been inſtructed, that, in doing their duty to their Creator, they enjoyed the firſt of all earthly pleaſures.

The great diſtance from all towns, and the few wants of the people, made every thing very cheap in this part of the country. The curate's wife often told me, that the collector muſt be rich, becauſe, with three children only, he had forty rix-dollars, or ten pounds in the year, whilſt her huſband, with half that ſalary, could very well bring up ſeven children. This good woman, when I aſked her what I could do for her family, for their hoſpitality towards a ſtranger, told me with much ſimplicity, that, if I could afford it, and would ſend her huſband from Gottenburgh (diſtant about one hundred and fifty miles), a pound of good tobacco, I ſhould make her huſband as happy as a prince.

In converſing with the pious curate about the morality of his pariſhioners, he told me with a groan, that, three years ago, a crime had been committed, which had excited alike the wrath of Heaven, and the ſcandal of the ſee; becauſe the daughter of a peaſant was ſeduced by a Daniſh officer, and had a baſtard child. But, added he, though ſhe died in a ſhort time, and very repentant,

repentant, both myſelf, my wife, and our neighbours, have often ſeen the Devil, ſince ſhe was buried, walk in the church-yard, ſometimes under the figure of a white bear, and at other times as a black wolf, with fire in his mouth and eyes; and we have been ſeveral times diſturbed in the night by the rattling of chains, and complaints, in the very voice of the unfortunate girl, which only our ſincere prayers cauſed to ceaſe. The croſſes you obſerve upon the inſide and outſide of every door, ſaid the curate's wife, are there to prevent her evil ſpirit or the Devil from penetrating our houſe!

At laſt, on the tenth day, information arrived that the lakes were entirely frozen and ſafe, and by putting my carriages upon ſledges, I might continue my journey.

During my travels, I have witneſſed the grandeur of courts, the pride of rank, the vanity, the oſtentation of riches. I have ſeen every where many rejoicings, artificial gaiety, and pleaſures commanded, but not felt; but in the retirement amongſt innocence and ſimplicity, goodneſs and hoſpitality, where I paſſed this Chriſtmas, I found what philoſophers look for in vain in populous cities or crowded aſſemblies—virtue rewarded with true happineſs upon earth, undiſturbed by the perverting ſophiſtry of reformers, the dangerous dogmas of innovators, and the abominable crimes which deſolate ſouthern Europe.

A TRAVELLER.

ELIZA LASCELLS: A TALE.

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TO have reproached Eliza for having acted clandeſtinely toward her, would have increaſed her reſerve, and augmented her grief; ſhe therefore determined if poſſible to ſooth her into confidence, and try to divert her attention toward other objects, and amuſe her mind. This reſolution ſhe imparted to her friend, Mr. Herbert, who highly approved the judicious plan, and at the ſame time undertook to write to his pupil, from whom by return of poſt he received the following reply:

"It is impoſſible, my dear Sir, for the power of language to deſcribe the miſery which your letter has produced, but allow me to aſſure you, upon my moſt ſacred honour, that I merit not the charges which it contains.

"Baſe muſt be the man, who can deliberately endeavour to obtain the affections of an artleſs young female, without making her an ample return of regard; but this, my dear Sir, is far from my ſituation, for the image of Eliza Laſcells reigns triumphant in my heart. To ſay that I love her, is but faintly expreſſing a paſſion which can only be extinguiſhed by death, and not

Petrarch

Petrarch himſelf ever felt toward his Louiſa that enthuſiaſtic warmth which animates my breaſt!

"You tell me, that I was acquainted with the deſigns of my father; that I have murdered Eliza's happineſs, and deſtroyed her peace; that by underhand ſtratagems I have ſeduced her affections, and taught a character, naturally ingenuous, the practice of deceit. I allow that my father had acquainted me with his intentions; I acknowledge that Lord Lexington has acknowledged me by the title of his future ſon; but are the affections under controul, are the paſſions to be kept under reſtriction? or is Eliza Laſcells to be ſeen, without exciting love? To the charge of murdering her happineſs, I never can plead guilty, when, to purchaſe it, I would willingly ſacrifice my own. Our affections are involuntary; I practiſed no arts to ſeduce her; but that I love her to diſtraction is my proudeſt boaſt. That I endeavoured to conceal my paſſion from Mrs. Laſcells, is a truth which I do not attempt to deny, for I know her opinions of rectitude ſo well, that I dreaded her writing to my father; and I likewiſe know in what manner he would reply. Rank and fortune are the idols which he worſhips, and unfortunately of neither is my adored Eliza poſſeſſed: I therefore feared, that he might uſe a ſtyle of language to her mother which would wound the exquiſite ſenſibility of her heart.

"I have now, my dear Sir, replied to the charges you have alleged againſt me, and I flatter myſelf in a manner you muſt approve; at preſent it is abſolutely neceſſary to conceal my attachment from my father, though I hope the time is not far diſtant when I ſhall be able to avow it to the world. To the amiable Mrs. Laſcells, I beg leave to offer the moſt reſpectful remembrance—tell my beloved Eliza, that I love her more than life, and aſſure yourſelf, my dear Sir,

"That I am, with gratitude and affection,

"your devoted humble ſervant,

"E. C."

The peruſal of this letter afforded very little ſatisfaction to Mr. Herbert; for although it contained a declaration of the moſt paſſionate regard, the ſubject of marriage was never once named; a circumſtance which excited both his apprehenſion and concern. The education of Eliza had been conducted with the greateſt propriety, and ſentiments of female delicacy had been inſtilled with the utmoſt care; he therefore could not entertain a doubt reſpecting her virtue, but he could not help dreading that ſhe might be cruelly deceived. While he was debating with himſelf whether he ſhould ſhow Edward's letter to Mrs. Laſcells, and was reflecting in what manner he ſhould reply to its contents, he was ſurpriſed at ſeeing Sir Charles Charlton's carriage drive up the avenue, and went out to receive him with the letter in his hand.

There was a coldneſs in that gentleman's manner which aſtoniſhed Mr. Herbert, as he had always treated him with the affection of a friend; and the quick glance of his eye ſoon recognized the writing, and he ceremoniouſly enquired if the letter was not from his ſon; upon being anſwered in the affirmative, he requeſted to ſee it. Mr. Herbert recollecting the manner in which Sir Charles was mentioned, politely refuſed; upon which, he exclaimed in a tone of reſentment, "I am now thoroughly convinced that what I have heard is true; yes, Sir, I am perſuaded you have acted in a moſt diſgraceful manner toward me, and are endeavouring to marry my ſon to ſome needy relation of your own; but I came down for the purpoſe of telling you, that I have diſcovered your treachery, and am determined to fruſtrate your iniquitous deſigns."

Mr. Herbert was ſo petrified by this unexpected attack upon his principles, that it was ſome moments before he was able to reply; when, ſtretching out the hand which ſtill contained the letter, he ſaid, "You will there ſee Sir Charles, how little I have merited this abuſe: juſtice to myſelf obliges me to ſhow your ſon's letter, and I only refuſed delivering it up before, from delicacy to you." While Sir Charles was peruſing his ſon's letter, his countenance underwent a viſible change, and, folding it up, he delivered it to its poſſeſſor without even uttering a ſingle word.

After walking up and down the room in viſible agitation, he ſaid, "Mr. Herbert, your conduct has been ſhamefully abuſed; I bluſh at my own credulity in having harboured an idea that a man of ſuch noble principles ſhould have had an intereſted deſign upon my ſon." Before the worthy Mr. Herbert could reply to this apology, the names of Mrs. and Miſs Laſcells were announced, and ſo much was the worthy rector embarraſſed by their *mal a propos* appearance, that he abſolutely forgot to introduce them to his gueſt. They had been taking their morning walk, and had entered through the garden, and of courſe had not ſeen Sir Charles's equipage at the door; but Mrs. Laſcells obſerving the confuſion of the rector, fancied ſhe had interrupted ſome buſineſs, and therefore ſhortened her ſtay.

When riſing to take leave, Sir Charles involuntarily ſaid, he hoped he was not ſo unfortunate as to drive the ladies away, and little ſuſpecting to whom he was paying attention, aſked Mr. Herbert if they might not be permitted to attend the ladies home. To this propoſal he readily aſſented; Sir Charles offered Mrs. Laſcells his arm, and when they arrived at her ſmall, though elegant little cottage, the gentlemen were politely invited to walk in. Not more than a quarter of an acre of land encloſed the humble dwelling, but, diminutive as it was, the higheſt taſte was diſplayed; the thatched roof was overſpread with jeſſamine and

wood-bines, and ſmall beds of the choiceſt flowers were elegantly arranged.

Paſſing through a fragrant arbour, they entered a ſmall parlour, coloured with pale green, the border of which had been painted by Eliza, and in which was diſplayed both elegance and taſte. A ſmall piano, filled a receſs in it, two beautifully painted pedeſtals ſupported a pair of globes; the curtains were white, bordered with a running pattern of roſes, which were not only admired for their beauty, but from being Eliza's work. Several well executed landſcapes adorned the little apartment, which the delighted Sir Charles individually admired, and by his intreaties the ladies were perſuaded to indulge him with a duet upon a piano forte. If his eyes were delighted with the viſible objects which preſented themſelves, his ſenſes were captivated by what he had heard; and when Mr. Herbert reminded him that the dinner hour was approaching, it was with evident reluctance that he took leave. So captivated was he with the elegant and engaging manners of Mrs. Laſcells, and ſo ſtruck with the ſuperiority of Eliza's charms, that he ſeemed entirely to have forgotten the purpoſe of his journey, until it was recalled to his recollection by Mr. Herbert's remarks.

"For Heaven's ſake, drop the ſubject, my dear friend;" ſaid the embarraſſed baronet, "for I cannot bear even to reflect upon the manner in which I have behaved; however, I hope this letter will prove ſome apology for my conduct, which I have only to intreat you will read." So ſaying, he drew the malicious fabrication from his pocket, which the worthy rector, with the moſt perfect compoſure peruſed. The letter, which from the poſt-mark had been written by ſome perſon in the neighbourhood, informed Sir Charles, that Mr. Herbert was endeavouring to ſeduce the affections of his ſon, and had actually obtained a promiſe of marriage from him, to a girl whom it was believed was his natural child. It painted Eliza as illiterate and artful, deficient in accompliſhments, but poſſeſſed of perſonal charms; and concluded by ſaying, that under the direction of her ſuppoſed father, ſhe had obtained an entire aſcendency over Edward's heart.

It was impoſſible for Sir Charles to ſuppoſe, for a moment, that the being, whoſe manners he had been ſtruck with, was the one which the letter deſcribed; and as the writer had concealed the name, he heard that of Laſcells, without its exciting any emotion but that of admiration in his mind. "Every man has his enemies, Sir Charles;" ſaid Mr. Herbert, mildly, "and I have no reaſon to expect to be exempt; yet I cannot conceive what could be the motive of the writer in fabricating this malicious account." "Name it no more, my dear Sir," replied the baronet, "but do me the favour to exert your influence over the mind of my ſon; tell him you have made me acquainted with

his boyiſh extravagance, and that I have told you he is as much engaged as if he was a married man. With regard to the young woman, I think it is neceſſary that ſhe ſhould be candidly told he can never make her his wife; but as every young man of faſhion muſt have a miſtreſs, I ſhould not even think of interfering with his choice."

At this ſpeech of Sir Charles, the worthy Mr. Herbert felt the fluſh of indignation overſpread his cheek, and he felt pleaſed that he had not informed him that the lovely Eliza Laſcells was the being whom he would have placed in that degrading light. Dinner being over, Sir Charles filled himſelf a bumper, and drank to the health of the fair recluſe. "Upon my life, (ſaid he) Herbert, if I was a few years younger, I ſhould be tempted to give a ſecond mother to my ſon! Never did I behold ſo lovely a creature! then that infatuating, modeſt diffidence, how it captivates the heart! Her mother is likewiſe a charming woman: in ſhort, I know not when I have ſeen two females ſo much to be admired. Was my ſon ever introduced to them; had he fallen in love with ſuch a girl as that I know not what I could have ſaid: Lady Mary Lexington would be an abſolute foil to her, for it is her fortune that is attractive, inſtead of herſelf." The baronet was ſo full of Eliza's attractions, that he did not wait to hear whether his ſon had been introduced; and Mr. Herbert, inſtead of replying to the queſtion, merely ſaid, that the perſonal charms of Miſs Laſcells were inferior to thoſe of her mind; and knowing his gueſt was a very great ſportſman, contrived to turn the ſubject from female beauty to the excellence of his dogs.

(To be continued.)

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 9.)

THE ſtrongeſt column of the rebels, compoſed of inhabitants of Weſtmeath, directed their march, after their defeat, to Wilſon's Hoſpital, an edifice erected for charitable purpoſes, the maintenance of twenty aged men and a hundred boys, in the laſt mentioned county, ſix miles from Mullingar, from a legacy bequeathed by Andrew Wilſon, of Piersfield. This building had already been ſeized and plundered in the morning of the ſame day, by another body of rebels, who, on the arrival of the defeated column, were taking meaſures (we are told) to butcher on the ſucceeding day, the 6th of September, twenty-eight proteſtants, who had been brought thither priſoners from the neighbouring country, when they were prevented by the approach of a ſmall body of troops, about four o'clock in the afternoon.

afternoon. This was a force collected by Lord Longford, compoſed of yeomen and Argyle fencibles, the whole ſtated by ſome at between two and three hundred, by others at twice as many. The fencibles were commanded by Major Porter, who brought one field-piece for the attack. A large body of the rebels, of whom about five hundred are ſaid to have been armed with fire-locks, marched from the hoſpital to meet theſe troops near the village of Bunbruſna. After an abortive attempt of ſome of their party to ſeize the field-piece by an impetuous onſet, in which, by a diſcharge of grape-ſhot, many of them ſuffered, the inſurgents maintained not the combat long. In their flight a party took ſhelter in a farm-houſe and offices which were in conſequence burned; and probably many wretches periſhed in the flames. The troops, as day-light failed, lay on their arms all night, with intention to attack the hoſpital in the morning; but they found it then evacuated by the inſurgents, whoſe loſs of men is reported by very doubtful authority to have been near two hundred in killed and wounded; while that of the royal troops was only two men of the artillery, ſhot by one rebel from behind a hedge.

Moſt of the towns which had fallen into the hands of the rebels were about this time recovered, as Newport and Weſtport, by the fencibles and yeomen under the Hon. Dennis Browne, brother to the Earl of Altamont, and Captain Urquart; but Ballina and Killala remained ſome time longer in their poſſeſſion. On his march from Caſtlebar, on the 4th of September, Humbert had left no part of his army at Killala or Ballina, except three officers at the former, and one at the latter, to command the rebels who formed the garriſons of theſe towns. Intelligence was received by theſe officers, on the 12th, of the fate of their army at Ballinamuk; which intelligence was, for good reaſons, concealed from the rebels, until they were informed by ſome of their own party, who had eſcaped from the ſlaughter.

On the 23d of September, thirty-two days after the landing of the French army, and fifteen after its capture at Ballinamuk, a large body of troops arrived at Killala, under the command of Major-General French, who would have been a day or two later in his arrival, if he had not been haſtened by a meſſage from the Biſhop of Killala, concerning the extreme danger of his family, and the reſt of the loyaliſts in that town. "The peaceful inhabitants of Killala were now to be ſpectators of a ſcene which they had never expected to behold—a battle! a fight which no perſon who has ſeen it once, and poſſeſſes the feelings of a human creature, would chooſe to witneſs a ſecond time. A troop of fugitives in full race from Ballina—women and children tumbling over one another to get into the caſtle, or into any houſe in the town where they might hope for a mo-

mentary ſhelter—continued for a painful length of time to give notice of the approach of an army.

" The rebels quitted their camp to occupy the riſing ground cloſe by the town, on the road to Ballina, poſting themſelves under the low ſtone walls on each ſide in ſuch a manner as enabled them with great advantage to take aim at the king's troops. They had a ſtrong guard alſo on the other ſide of the town toward Foxford, having probably received intelligence, which was true, that General Trench had divided his forces at Croſmalina, and ſent one part of them by a detour of three miles to intercept the fugitives that might take that courſe in their flight. This laſt detachment conſiſted chiefly of the Kerry militia, under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Croſbie, and Maurice Fitzgerald, the knight of Kerry; their colonel, the Earl of Glandore, attending the general. It is a circumſtance which ought never to be forgotten by the loyaliſts of Killala, that the Kerry militia were ſo wrought upon by the exhortations of thoſe two ſpirited officers, to loſe no time to come to the relief of their periſhing friends, that they appeared on the ſouth ſide of the town at the ſame inſtant with their fellows on the oppoſite ſide, though they had a league more of road to perform.

" The two diviſions of the royal army were ſuppoſed to make up about twelve hundred men, and they had five pieces of cannon. The number of the rebels could not be aſcertained. Many ran away before the engagement, while a very conſiderable number flocked into the town in the very heat of it, paſſing under the caſtle windows in view of the French officers on horſeback, running upon death with as little appearance of reflection or concern, as if they were haſtening to a ſhow. About four hundred of theſe miſguided men fell in the battle and immediately after it. Whence it may be conjectured that their entire number ſcarcely exceeded eight or nine hundred."* To account for ſo great a ſlaughter, we are to obſerve from the ſame excellent narrative from which I have already tranſcribed, that they met with death on every ſide where they attempted to eſcape; for, when driven from their poſt outſide the town by a flanking fire of the ſoldiery, they fled in all directions, they were furiouſly purſued by the Roxburgh cavalry, who ſlaughtered many in the ſtreets, and were either intercepted at the other end of the town by the Kerry militia, or directed their flight to the ſhore, where alſo " the fugitives were ſwept away by ſcores, a cannon being placed on the oppoſite ſide of the bay which did great execution."†

* A narrative of what paſſed at Killala, by an eye witneſs, ſuppoſed to be the Biſhop of Killala. Dublin, 1800.

† Narrative of what paſſed at Killala, &c.

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The purſuit of the cavalry into the town " was not agreeable to military practice, according to which it is uſual to commit the aſſault of a town to the infantry; but here the general wiſely reverſed the mode, in order to prevent the rebels, by a rapid purſuit, from taking ſhelter in the houſes of the townsfolk, a circumſtance which was likely to provoke indiſcriminate ſlaughter and pillage. The meaſure was attended with the deſired ſucceſs. A conſiderable number was cut down in the ſtreets, and of the remainder but a few were able to eſcape into the houſes. Some of the defeated rebels, however, did force their way into houſes, and by conſequence brought miſchief upon the innocent inhabitants, without benefit to themſelves. The firſt houſe, after paſſing the biſhop's, is that of Mr. William Kirkwood; its ſituation expoſed it on this occaſion to peculiar danger, as it fronts the main ſtreet, which was raked entirely by a line of fire. A flying rebel had burſt through the door, followed by ſix or ſeven ſoldiers: they poured a volley of muſketry after him, which proved fatal to Mr. Andrew Kirkwood, a moſt loyal and reſpectable citizen, while he was rejoicing at the victory, and in the very act of ſhouting out " God ſave the king!" In ſpite of the exertions of the general and his officers, the town exhibited all the marks of a place taken by ſtorm. Some houſes were perforated like a riddle: moſt of them had their doors and windows deſtroyed; the trembling inhabitants ſcarcely eſcaping with life, by lying proſtrate on the floor. Nor was it till the cloſe of next day that their ears were relieved from the horrid ſound of muſkets diſcharged every minute at flying and powerleſs rebels. The plague of war ſo often viſits the world that we are apt to liſten to any deſcription of it with the indifference of ſatiety: it is the actual inſpection only, that ſhews the monſter in its proper and full deformity."†

The town of Killala thus recovered by his majeſty's forces, had been thirty-two days in the poſſeſſion of the French and rebels. Of the tranſaction which occurred there during that period, the public is favoured with an intereſting narrative, univerſally ſuppoſed to be the production of the learned Dr. Stock, lord biſhop of Killala, who, with his family, was all that time in the hands of the invaders and their auxiliaries.

† Narrative of what paſſed at Killala, &c.

(To be continued.)

Similar Effects of Infidelity and Ignorance.

WHEN the platform was juſt ſtriking under the feet of Colonel Deſpard, he looked upward, and coolly remarked,

marked, " It is very cold, I think we ſhall have ſome rain." This brings to recollection an event that happened many years ſince in the weſt of England. A ſtupid fellow, who had made too free with his neighbour's ſheep on Exmoor, was tried, convicted, and led out to execution. On aſcending the ladder, inſtead of ſtopping at the part where he was to be tied up, he went to the very top, and, looking round the country, exclaimed, " Good Lor! how cruel vur us can zee!" But the executioner ſoon fetched poor clodpole down, and in a ſhort time his eyes were opened to a new and much more extenſive proſpect.

Particulars of an atrocious Murder committed on the Bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Rudd, at a Plantation near Warſaw, in the Iſland of Jamaica, on the Morning of the 15th of September laſt, by three of their own Negroes.

ABOUT half paſt ſeven, Mr. and Mrs. Rudd, their little boy (about two years of age), and Captain Read, of the ſhip Friends, of London, (who had juſt recovered from a dangerous ſickneſs), ſat down to breakfaſt. About eight o'clock, Mr. Rudd left the table, to go to ſome negroes, who were at work in a wood about two hundred yards from the houſe. He had not left the room many minutes, when a ſhrieking was heard. Captain Read and Mrs. Rudd immediately ruſhing out of the houſe, the firſt object they beheld was two of the negroes, with bill-hooks in their hands, covered with blood, and running towards them.

There could be no doubt as to the horrid act which the villains had juſt perpetrated; and Captain Read having no weapon to defend Mrs. Rudd and himſelf with, there appeared no ſafety but in flight, if it could be effected. Captain Read therefore caught Mrs. Rudd by the arm, whoſe ſhrieks and lamentations would have pierced the heart of any but the moſt ferocious ſavages, and endeavoured to regain the houſe; but weakened as he had been by three months' ſickneſs, and agitated by the horrid circumſtance which had juſt taken place (Mrs. Rudd too, was then almoſt exhauſted with diſtreſs and horror), his foot ſtruck the ſtump of a tree, and he fell! The inhuman monſters were, by this time, cloſe to them; and Captain Read, in riſing, ſaw one of them ſtrike the fatal blow at the unfortunate lady.

There was then no alternative for Captain Read, but immediate death, or flight; for there was no aſſiſtance that he could hope for, within a mile. He had ran only a few yards, when the murderers, having completed the ſecond bloody buſineſs, purſued him with all their ſpeed.

Inſenſible

Inſenſible to every danger, but what might ſo naturally be dreaded from the cruelty of his purſuers, he directed his flight towards a plantation, in which ſeveral friendly negroes were at work; to gain which (by a wonderful protecting providence) he hurried, unhurt, down a deep and tremendous precipice, which it is moſt likely had been untrod by human foot till then. One of the villains continued to chaſe him down a part of the mountain; but, perceiving that the friendly negroes had taken the alarm, and were coming to Captain Read's aſſiſtance, he returned; and, joining his bloody aſſociates, they all ran into the woods for ſhelter; many of the other negroes and whites purſuing them.

After a ſtrict ſearch of two days, they were apprehended; and, on the firſt of October, they were tried, and executed at Port Antonio, and their heads cut off, and ſtuck upon poles near the ſpot which had been the ſcene of their horrid barbarity.

The poor orphan-boy, who was thus in a moment deprived of both his parents, was taken from the houſe by Meſſrs. John and Joſeph Dixon, who live near the place; and are relations of the deceaſed.

The mangled remains of Mr. and Mrs. Rudd were taken to Warſaw; and, after the inqueſt, were interred together in one grave.

Theſe three remorſeleſs villains had been purchaſed only a ſhort time before. The unfortunate victims of their ſavage ferocity, unparalleled in ſome inſtances, had reſided only a month on the fatal ſpot, whither they had removed from Hope Bay; and, as it appears, from various accounts, were very greatly reſpected by all who knew them.

One of the ſeveral letters, detailing this horrid circumſtance, ſays, that Mrs. Rudd ſurvived the wounds which had been ſo cruelly inflicted, about twenty minutes! The poor little infant boy, terrified by the cries he heard, had (ſeemingly by a ſupernatural direction of providence) covered himſelf over with ſome clothes on the floor, and eſcaped the hands of the mercileſs villains.

The unfortunate pair, as has been already mentioned, were buried at Warſaw; a numerous and moſt reſpectable train of friends and acquaintance attending their mournful obſequies. The place of their interment is a garden, belonging to Mr. Dixon; and when theſe appalling accounts were diſpatched, a monument was preparing, upon which it was intended to place the following inſcription:

"While ſepulchral marble points out the aſhes of the great, let this plain tomb inform, that underneath it lie the remains of Thomas Trohear Rudd and Mary his wife, both of the county of Cumberland, in England. And let it alſo be a laſting monitor,

that neither virtue, humanity, charity, nor benevolence, are at all times a ſhield againſt ſavage barbarity, ferocity, and ingratitude!

"In their prime of life, they were barbarouſly murdered, on the 15th of September, 1803, by ſome of their own negroes, to whom the moſt tender and attentive duties of a maſter and miſtreſs had been intended, and ſhewn, in a moſt indulgent manner.

"Their conduct through life had gained them the eſteem and affection of a numerous and reſpectable acquaintance, and their untimely and unhappy fate drew unfeigned tears from thouſands; and all who knew their merits and their virtues, juſtly join in pronouncing that they fell the victims of humanity.—T. T. R. nat. ob.—M. R. nat. ob."

Several letters (as already intimated) have been received by the relatives and friends of the deceaſed, on this afflicting ſubject. It appears, from ſome of theſe, that Shildaw Plantation (that is the name of the place) was only intended by Mr. and Mrs. Rudd as their reſidence for a few weeks, on account of its cool ſituation; but Mr. Rudd having reſolved upon their quitting the iſland, it was intended that Mrs. Rudd and their little boy ſhould ſail for England with the next fleet, Mr. Rudd purpoſing to follow them in the ſpring.

Mr. Rudd was a ſon of the late Mr. Rudd, attorney, of Cockermouth; and Mrs. Rudd, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Jackſon, ſhip-builder, of Whitehaven.

Curious Return recently made to the Commiſſioners for the Income Tax.

I, A. B. do declare
I have but little money to ſpare
I have
1 Little houſe
1 Little maid
2 Little boys
2 Little trade
2 Little land
2 Ditto money at command
Rather too little is my little all
To ſupply with comfort my dear little ſquall
And 2 too little to pay taxes at all
By this you ſee
I have children three
Depend on me A. B.

The Shrewſbury Chronicle ſays the veracity of the above return may be depended upon.

FASHIONS *for* JANUARY.

THE report of faſhions may ſeem, at firſt bluſh, a trivial matter, a ſubject almoſt too light for ſerious remark. Thoſe, however, who look beneath the ſurface of things, will form a very different concluſion. How immenſe is that portion of our manufactures which is influenced by faſhion, Manchester, Norwich, London can teſtify. The injury fair trade ſuſtains, by falſe reports upon faſhion, is incalculable: certainly it is ſufficiently great to render truth and preciſion, in this department, an important duty. With this conviction, we ſubmit the following as the real ſtyle of firſt rate elegance at the preſent moment.

For FULL DRESS.

Turbans of various kinds are univerſally worn. That of the prieſteſs of the ſun is the moſt prevailing. They ſhew more of the hair in front than uſual, which is dreſſed to look diſcompoſed *a coup de vent*.

UNDRESS.

Chapeau de ſparterie, with military or Scotch plumes. Brown muſlin dreſſes, laced behind with gold cord, and embroidered with gold round the train. White Grecian ſleeves ſhort.

Tuniques of lace, or coloured ſilk, reaching almoſt to the ground, over train, petticoats trimmed round.

Fichu, ruffle collar, high behind, open in front, trimmed with *tulle*, confined with a gold *eſclavage*, worn outſide or faſtened with an antique. The pelerine of lace cloſe to the throat.

The moſt elegant drapery is a tiger mantle, covering only half the figure, and put *en ſauvage*. The bonnet ſauvage, with argus feathers, ornamented with Egyptian pebbles and white beads, is very elegant and becoming. Velvet peliſſes, trimmed round the bottom with broad lace, and a quilling of *tulle* down the front; a ſpencer under, the collar trimmed with *tulle*, which is tied round the throat with a coloured handkerchief; *a bouts pendants*.

A QUESTION, *by W. Carter, at Mr. Quant's Boarding School, Everſhot.*

A Mathematical friend of mine who has bought an eſſential rectangular piece of land for £ol. per acre deſires to know what the purchaſe money amounts to from the following data, viz. the ſum of the length and breadth is equal to the ſquare of their difference more 12, and the perimiter of the triangle is 48 chains. It is required to find the above without the aſſiſtance of any ſcale, table, or algebra, with a general theorem for all queſtions of a ſimilar nature.

Anſwer, by T. Coumbe, of St. Germains, to J. French's Charade, inſerted Nov. 14.

WITH ſcornful men the BLACK-GUARD doth agree,
But men of ſenſe will ſcorn ſuch company.

Anſwer, by J. Channon, of Ottery, to R. Holwell's Charade, inſerted Nov. 14.

IF on the coaſt, my friend, you've been,
The SEA-GULL ſurely you have ſeen.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. Hunn, jun. of Stoke Abbot; G. Hollands; and W. Strong, of Exeter.

An ANAGRAM, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton.*

A King of Sodom, Sirs, tranſpoſe,
A furious beaſt it will diſcloſe.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyat, of Dartmouth.*

GENTS. in my firſt behold the captive ſlave,
By tyrants bound to ſweep the briny wave;
Swift flies my next o'er the embattled plain,
See by its vengeful fury myriads ſlain;
Soon may my whole its devaſtation ceaſe,
And nations join in unity and peace.

A CHARADE, *by E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel.*

BEHOLD my firſt, where mangled corſes ſpread
The ſanguin'd field with heaps of ſlaughter'd dead;
There the brave ſoldier fearleſs of a wound,
Doth hurl deſtruction on his foes around;
This ſcene, when o'er, my next doth oft him greet,
With kind embraces, and with kiſſes ſweet;
Oft with my whole our anceſtors did fight,
And laurels gain'd by their undaunted might.

An ENIGMA, *by J. Paſcal.*

IN ages paſt, when ſimple nature reign'd,
And vice and folly were alike diſdain'd,
When our forefathers, treating eaſe with ſcorn,
Roſe with the lark, and jocund hail'd the morn,
'Twas then I ne'er was ſeen; but now, elate
With pride, I rear my head midſt pomp and ſtate,
For I reſide amongſt the great and gay,
Where affluence holds her courts of revelry.
Aſk the poor ſlave, who makes him wear the chain,
He'll ſay 'tis me who cauſes all his pain.
I tore him from his wife and children dear,
And fill his breaſt with miſery and deſpair.
I bring diſeaſes on the human race,
And pinching poverty, nay oft diſgrace.
I am the bane of health, but lead the way,
To ſcenes of pleaſure, mirth, and gaiety;
Yet as a roſe, who while its ſweets impart,
I hide a thorn that ſecret wounds the heart.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

VERSES *written in a* CONSERVATORY.

YE genial ſprings of ſoft expreſſion,
Whoſe gentle current ſwells the muſe,
Inſpire me! while with pleas'd devotion,
I my fond extacies diſcloſe.
In blooming beauty bright expanding,
Sweet Flora too thy charms impart,
'Tis thou whoſe mingled ſweets here blending
Claims the effuſions of my heart.

Lo! now with majeſty advancing,
Bright Sol! the orient morn diſplays;
See! feel! each plant, with pleaſure dancing,
Fondly greets the genial rays.
The pearly drop beſpangled pendant,
Illuming ſtill the varied ſcene,
Surpaſſing rich! O Heav'n tranſcendant!
Thy works are here diſplay'd divine!

Sweeten'd as 'twere by the graces,
Lovely the flowers an aſpect wear,
Still wafting with their ærial dreſſes
Perfumes exquiſite thro' the air.
What varied beauty! ſome reclining;
Peculiar each their leaves unfold;
While ſome with tendrill'd claſp entwining,
Add ſtill a contraſt to the whole.

O! ye blooming, healthy mountains,
That deck Good Hope's fair Cape with ſmiles;
Ye cooling, limpid, murmuring fountains,
"Ye craggy rocks, and deſert wilds!"
From Cambria's ſouthern new dominion,
Acroſs thro' China's vaſt domain;
Or from the ſhores of either Indian
Sending forth a num'rous train.

A portion of your ſweet productions
I with ſmiles can count them mine;
Here in fancy's fond reflections,
Boaſt the growth of very clime.
Ambroſial ſweets! delightful pleaſure,
On the chequer'd ſcenes to gaze;
Beyond th' unfathom'd ſource of meaſure,
Enough to ſing great nature's praiſe!

Here wrapp'd in penſive thought amuſing,
Each ſimple flow'ret let me view;
And ſee their glory each diffuſing,
Ere I their manſion bid adieu.
For what's more lovely than creation,
More pleaſing what each leaf t' enfurl,
And here, in ſilent contemplation,
Botanize the living world!"

Chowance, 1803. T R.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *written in a* RECESS *upon* TEIGNMOUTH BEACH.

THO' deaf'ning billows laſh the ſhore,
And rock the cradled ſkiff;
Tho' o'er my head loud thunder rolls,
And lightnings ſtrike the cliff:
Yet here, from all their fury free,
Calm and unmov'd am I;
Safe hous'd within my humble cell,
Their vengeance I defy.

So when the ſtorms of fate ariſe,
And fortune 'gins to low'r,
When buffetted by adverſe gales,
I ſeek ſome friendly ſhore,
Oh! may I then a ſhelter find,
To ſcreen me from deſpair;
Some *ſelf-drawn* energy poſſeſs
To blunt the edge of care.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

WILLIAM's DEATH.

THE battle's bloody rage was o'er,
And lifeleſs ſoldiers preſs'd the ground;
The cannon pour'd forth death no more,
But horrid ſtillneſs reign'd around;
Save where the yet expiring ſtrain
Of ſcreaming anguiſh ſtruck the ear,
And melancholy's ſhriller ſcream,
By horror echoed thro' the plain,
To call from pity's eye the ſympathiſing tear.

Thro' horrid ſcenes poor Anna went,
O'er heaps of mangled bodies flew,
To find her William ſadly bent,
While tears her pallid cheeks bedew.
Ah! many a ghaſtly wound was there;
As oft ſhe turned her ſtreaming eyes,
While down her cheek the falling tear,
Fell on the ſoldier's honour'd bier,
As o'er the bloody plain the helpleſs maiden flies.

Now to the ſpot where William lay,
With many a trembling ſtep ſhe came;
The dangers of the glorious day
Had cloth'd her ſoldier's life with fame.
His breaſt with many a wound was torn,
Pierc'd was that heart of pureſt love.
So fades the roſe before the ſtorm,
Ten thouſand horrors round her ſwarm,
And black and frightful clouds the dreadful view enhance.

Aghaſt ſhe ſtands a monument of grief;
Nor ſmiling hope illumes the fearful ſight,
Nor tender tear now ſtarts to her relief;
Nor moon nor ſtars afford their grateful light;
"'Tis he!" ſhe ſhriek'd, the note was death,
Then lifeleſs ſunk on William's breaſt;
Firm to his heart the mourner cleſt;
And while, with trembling parting breath,
She ſhriek'd his name, and ſunk to endleſs reſt.

W. BEDFORD.